Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall heauie dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, heere's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome Riddle, come, thy *Lennoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lennoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lennoy*, no *lennoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan:

Ar. By vertue thou enforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought, my ſpleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the vnconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for a *ſalue*?

Page. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, , is not *lennoy* a *ſalue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make plaine,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my *lennoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were ſtill at oddes being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lennoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a Bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:

Let